

S O N G S, D U E T S, &c.

I N T H E

N E W P A N T O M I M E

O F

F R I A R B A C O N:

O R, '

H A R L E Q U I N ' S A D V E N T U R E S.

O Keefe

P r i c e S I X - P E N C E .

Harding D1732



AIRS, DUETS, GLEES, &c.

IN THE

Pantomime Entertainment

OF

FRIAR BACON;

OR,

Harlequin's Adventures:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

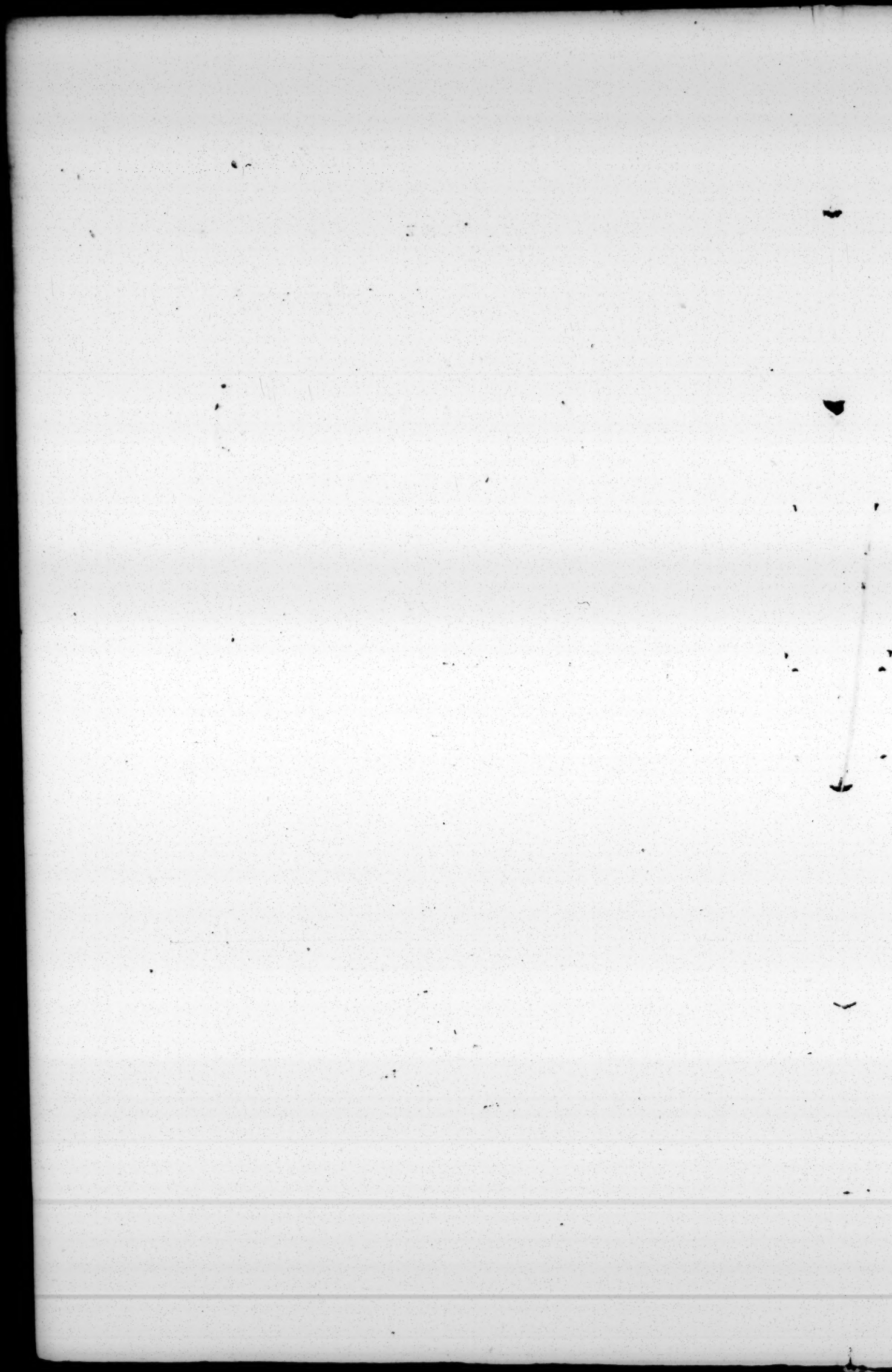
Written by Mr. O'KEEFFE.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXXIII.



FRIAR BACON.

A C T I.

CHORUS and AIR.

Friars Bacon, Bungy, &c.

Cho. **I**S the head made,
Tell us Friar Bacon?

Ba. Yes.

Cho. What hath it said?

Ba. Why it hath said—

Cho. What?

Ba. Nothing!

Cho. Does it speak, does it gabble?

Bun. No, not yet,

Tho' much pains we have taken.

Cho. Then you've made it ne'er a tongue,
Or like a clapper it had rung.

Ba. Peace!

Bun. Cease!

Peace,

Peace, you noisy rabble;

Ba. To watch this brazen head,
Friar Bungy nor I these three weeks
Han't laid down on a bed.

See, see the mouth is open'd,

But now it shuts again,

If eargood brother Bungy our labour's all in vain.

Cho. Does it speak, does it gabble?

Ba. Peace, peace, you noisy rabble!

RECITATIVE.—*Bungy.*

Our head broke down!
Why here's a blessed job,
Crack'd is the crown,
Oh! my poor brazen nob!
Curse on our dozes,
What a sad disaster!
Quite broke the nose is,
And no healing plaister.

A I R

A I R.—*Bungy.*

Oh, my poor Harlequin, tho' lost thy joy,
Courage, and again be merry my boy.

Tho' brother Bacon

Offence has taken,

Tho' Bacon

Has taken

Thy negligence in dudgeon,

This chapeau brags direct thee,

This wooden sword protect thee

Against the anger of the surly old Curmudgeon.

Hey! the lightning flash,

Hark! the thunder rolls about,

As 'twould knock the poles about,

And the rain comes dash;

Flash! Dash!

Dash! Flash!

Roll thunder, roll about,

Nadir, Zenith, pole about.

The

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The skies soon shall clear,
And the wrangling thunder cease ;
Gay Iris shall appear,
Bright covenant of peace ;
Kind fortune soon shall smile and richer gild the
scene,
And all thy days be happy, tranquil and serene.

B

A I R.

A I R—*Lilliputian 'Squire.*

The Sun quits his bed in the East,
 Arouz'd by the sound of the horn,
 And Echo the lark from the nest
 Awakes, to give welcome to morn.
 The joys of the chace we pursue,
 Our courfers as fleet as the wind;
 Hark forward! the game is in view,
 Old Care we leave limping behind.

II.

The birds sweetly chirp in the dale;
 The huntsman melodiously sounds;
 And Echo repeats in the vale
 Each musical note of the hounds.
 In vain the swift stag bends his flight,
 His death shall our labour repay,
 With a friend and a bottle at night,
 We'll chaunt o'er the feats of the day.

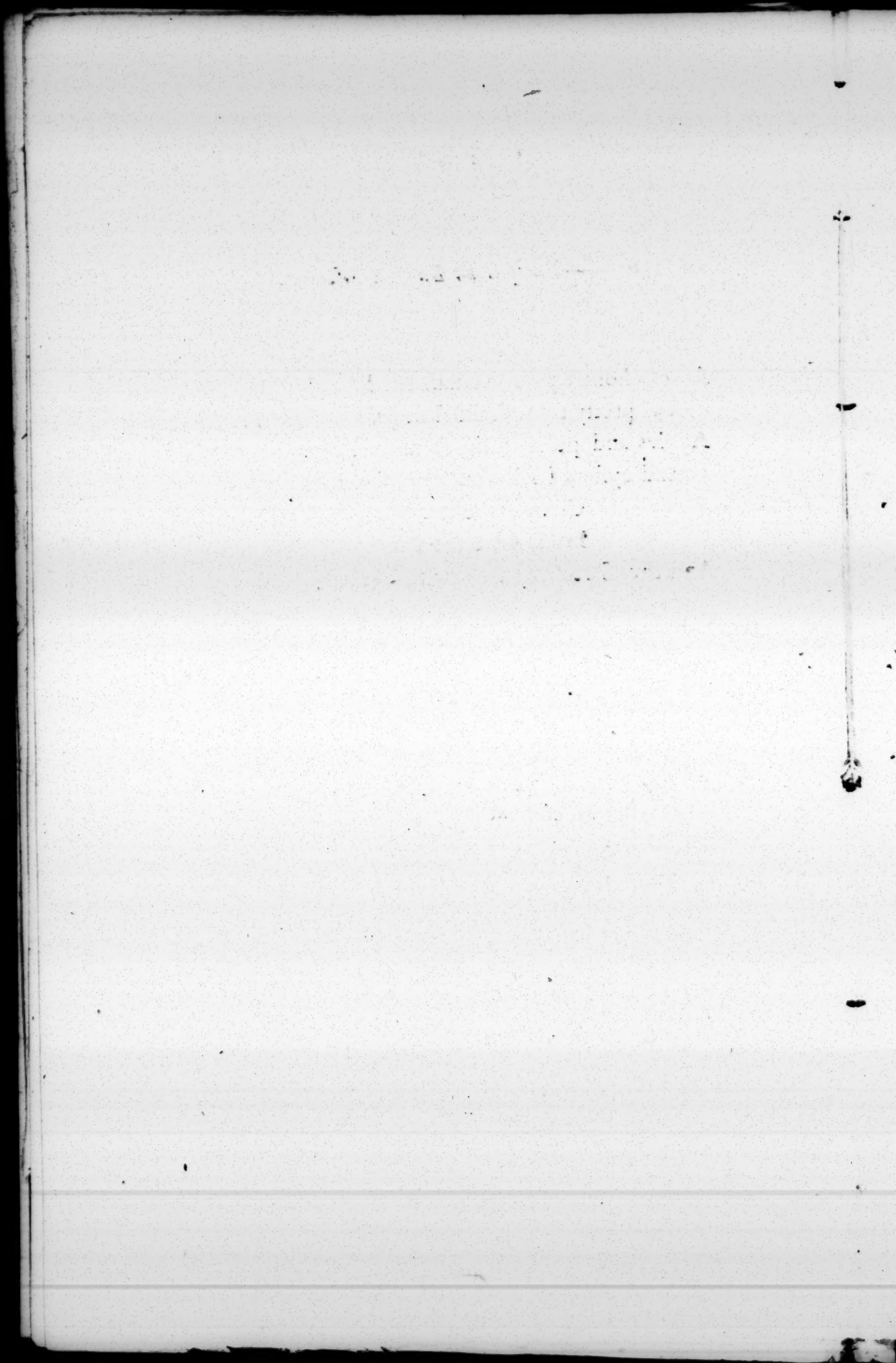
A I R

A I R.—*Lilliputian Barrow-Woman.*

A very honest poor woman am I,
And pretty enough tho' I'm past my prime;
Apples and pears in the summer I cry,
And oysters I sell thro' the winter time;
Come, who'll buy?
Ho! here am I!
And thus I roll my barrow thro' the world.

II.

Look round the globe by land and by sea,
And all sell something, both woman and man;
Tho' few deal so fair and so honest as me,
Yet they all like me will cheat if they can.
With come, who'll buy? &c.



P A R T II.

Friar Bungy.—RECITATIVE.

W H A T are you about here pray? Daddy,
why fō grum?
Eh! kill poor Harlequin, old Stingy Fogrum!
Wealth's well bestow'd on those who don't
abuse it;
May he ne'er want who spirit has to use it.
For others purses you shall work a lining,
For gold I'm sure you're good at undermining;
For gold a dance below, you now shall jig it,
Condemn'd for generous souls to delve and
dig it.

A I R

A I R and D U E T.

Friars Bungy and Bacon.

Bungy. Sweet girl and merry boy !
In wedlock's bands
I'll join your hands,
And then I'll wish you joy.

Bacon. A wedding ! I say no.
What's here to do ?

Bun. It shall be so.
About your business go.

Bath. About your business go.

Ba. Now rave,

Bung. Now cant,
It shall.

Ba. It shan't.

Beth. For I will have it so.

Bac.

Bac. I'll anathemize, exorcise, excommuni-
cate,

With bell, book, and candle I'll harrafs your pate.

Bac. Sweet gentle lute,
A while be mute.

Bun. Sweet gentle lute,
Be never mute,
Sweet lute,

Bac. Be mute !

Now let the trumpet's rattling clangor
Rouze the soul to strife and anger.

Bun. Ne'er let the trumpet's rattling clangor
Rouze the soul to strife and anger.

Bac. It is decreed that deeds of arms
Alone can win her dazzling charms.

Both. From Beauty's eyes
Receive the prize
Of hard fought victory,
Within the hall of Combat try'd
By deeds of glorious Chivalry.

ROUN.

ROUNDELAY.

Trumpets cease your rattling clangor ;
Hence with strife and care and anger.
Tune the roundelay, and bring
Chaplets of the rosy spring.
Honor crown the Brave, the Fair,
Bless this faithful happy pair !

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Still let the generous Hero dare
His foe in fierce alarms ;
The Victor's vanquish'd by the fair ;
His chains, her snowy arms.

T H E E N D.

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